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With furled brow Lauren Hidell looks through the telescopic lens watching the cars pass. She knows if there is one misstep, one miscalculation; all these cheering spectators, all of the world will know to whom death is become.

10% Failure rate during the first and subsequent retaliatory strikes. Of those which had failed, the vast majority were due to mechanical malfunction and not human error.

Adjusting herself behind the knoll, Lauren is momentarily distracted by the buzzing of a bee. “How long has it been since there were bees in the wild? 50, 60 years? Lauren thinks to herself. How long has it been since their deformed mutated hives produced anything but lethargic larva unable to move, lest fend for themselves?”

Lauren, wills these thoughts from her mind, trying to regain focus; but the nagging at her subconscious demands attention. “The air is so clean, so clear. How could have those fools argued: going back might make things worse? How could they have been so myopic?”

Lauren recalls the past days events, the emergency meeting with her nominal boss. His fat doubled chin wobbling while he asks her about her project to reclaim irradiate lands and why it was close to a year behind schedule and at a 200 percent cost overrun.

“Oh, how that fat fuck thought he had caught me with my hand in the till. His oh-so nice smile, his oh-so nice shit brown-caring eyes. And the sickly rattle of his phlegm filled voice as he said: how we all have, from time to time of course, taken a little to get by, but that I had been diving in a little too deep to escape notice. And how he would try to cover for me, and he probably could stall the upper bureaucracy for sometime, but my land reclamation project would have to be completed soon, as in yesterday soon. The presumptuous fuck assumed I was corrupted. His cholesterol riddled synapses couldn't process that someone might be doing the world a favour as opposed to doing what was only best for themselves.

The United States is likely to be challenged by adversaries who possess a wide range of capabilities, including asymmetric approaches to warfare, particularly weapons of mass destruction.

That cardiovascular disease of a man had no way of knowing how true his little colloquial euphemism was. If he had been able to tell four dimensional quantum gate arrays from the four rolls of fat attached to his neck, he might have realised that no land reclamation project needed 14 tons of photonic-meta-materials. And it definitely did not need two full days of dedicated computer time to map out the optimal coordinates for planned reforestation.

No, he was just a fat bureaucratic bastard, grown complacent under the dome of earth's city states. Not totally to blame, life had become remarkably mundane when compared to the early days, after the war.

But was mankind's destiny ever one that settles? One that makes due with what it is given, and doesn't ask why? Or for more? Lauren had argued that exact point early on in her career, back when she thought she would be taken seriously. A time when Lauren still thought people wanted

a second chance. But with the overseers, their existence all too precious: they'd rather live in squalor as long as it meant they were alive. They'd rather allow an [atomic holocaust](#), if it meant they retained their control, power. The rational gives way to the irrational.

Lauren found herself slowly taken from the inner-circles of research: being denied funding here, access there: until the only position of merit she was able to find was in the planning department of parks and recreation at New Phoenix.

In war, he who chooses the time and place of battle holds the best advantage for victory. Fighting on a proactive or offensive basis holds the greater advantage for victory. Fighting on a reactive or defensive basis is an encumbrance.

Lauren, saw what was to come. She waited, withdrew into her new role as chief planner of radiation rectification and land reclamation. She would bide her time until the chance presented itself. Until practical engineering had been accomplished by others: Until the applied science was the same as the theoretical. Until the time, she could build her time machine.

Lauren received news after two years in the position that a group of researchers at [The Neu Karlsruhe Institute of Technologies](#), had developed meta-materials which forced objects to be ignored by light. The researchers had been working on ways of increasing communication speeds between the German Federated City-States, and quite accidentally came across the anomaly. It was here that the final piece in Lauren's theoretical puzzle had been solved.

Theories of time and travel have been around for millennium, almost always predicated on some sort of movement through space and some ridiculous speeds. The theories that did not postulate these methods often entailed being hit over the head by someone and reawakening in a distant Arthurian past.

However, what Tolga Ergin and the rest of the scientists at Neu Karlsruhe hadn't realised while trying to perfect point to point communications between the existing city domes was that by bending light around objects, rendering the object invisible for all intents and purposes: they were only one degree away from creating time-disparity. Light travelling at **299 792 458 m / s** tends to not take too kindly to being ignored by anything or anyone and with thus, a time vortex is created. When there is an absence of objective spatial parity which distorts time flows through pockets of disparity come into existence. Within these pockets of disparity time and spatial movements are reversed.

It was here Lauren took notice and created the theoretical framework to stabilise these instances of parity-disparity distortion and in essence create a place where time ignores the corresponding coordinates. Continuing, the framework also suggests when objects become invisible to time, any movement spatially will result in a corresponding movement in retrograde to the normal flow I.e. backwards to an outside observer.

It was also Lauren, who after much exasperation in explaining these concepts to too many fat filled ears that broke down and simply put it: "[it is a way of walking back in time](#)" This simple explanation usually was scoffed at or ridiculed but at least these conceptually challenged Bufón understood.

- (1) Hold the rifle firmly with both hands with the eye and cheek well back (on the butt) from the bolt.
- (2) Press the butt firmly into the hollow of the shoulder, not on the muscle of the arm.
- (3) It is essential that there should be an entire absence of constraint while firing.

The translucent green of the CRTs reflected in Lauren's glasses, overpowering, obscuring what would otherwise have been eyes red with fatigue and worry. Having Checked log files and initiated the self-diagnostic commands: Lauren felt a brief moment of satisfaction: it was working. The parity-disparity matrix had stabilised the spatial continuum the pocket outside of time was created and waiting for individualisation.

- (1) Keep the sights upright, with the tip of the foresight central in the "U" of the back sight.
- (2) Don't prolong the aim too long. The eye tires after a few seconds.
- (3) Always take a full sight for each shot with a consistent point of aim on the 6 o'clock line.

Removing the proceeding cause will erase all of the here and after. The world will be born again. Saved from the paradiso inferno, It has become. So much wasted breath, so much wasted time

Lauren reflects as she individualises the parity chamber: Sentiments of positive negations circle about torrent fashion- No more words,. No more arguments. No more secrets. No more suffering. Never more or will be- The childless masses forced into camps, the parent-less children rendered into so much ash. None of this will be- None of this is. None of this was.

Dressing in an antique André Courrèges workmen's suite, grabbing the Carcano rifle; Lauren hurries into the spatial disparity chamber hitting the countdown switch as she enters.

- (1) Place the first joint of the forefinger on the lever part of the trigger.
- (2) Grip the small of the butt tightly between the thumb and three fingers.
- (3) Don't pull or jerk, but squeeze the thumb and forefinger towards each other.
- (4) Restrain the breathing while pressing.

November 22.

The second car comes into view, Lauren releases the safety catch, inhales once and finds her mark. Squeezing the trigger: confidence in choice exudes. In that brief moment as the bullet flies upon its trajectory: Lauren hears report of another rifle coming from up above and to the left. And in that fractional moment, divided by so many Zeno arguments: she looks up to see a man at a 6th floor window: turning towards her with wild bemused eyes.

*Before the questions can form,
or his mind-
fully comprehend
what has been seen,
Lauren ceases
to exist.*